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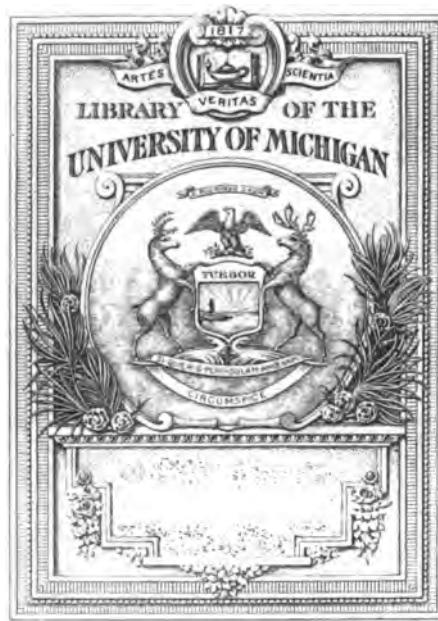
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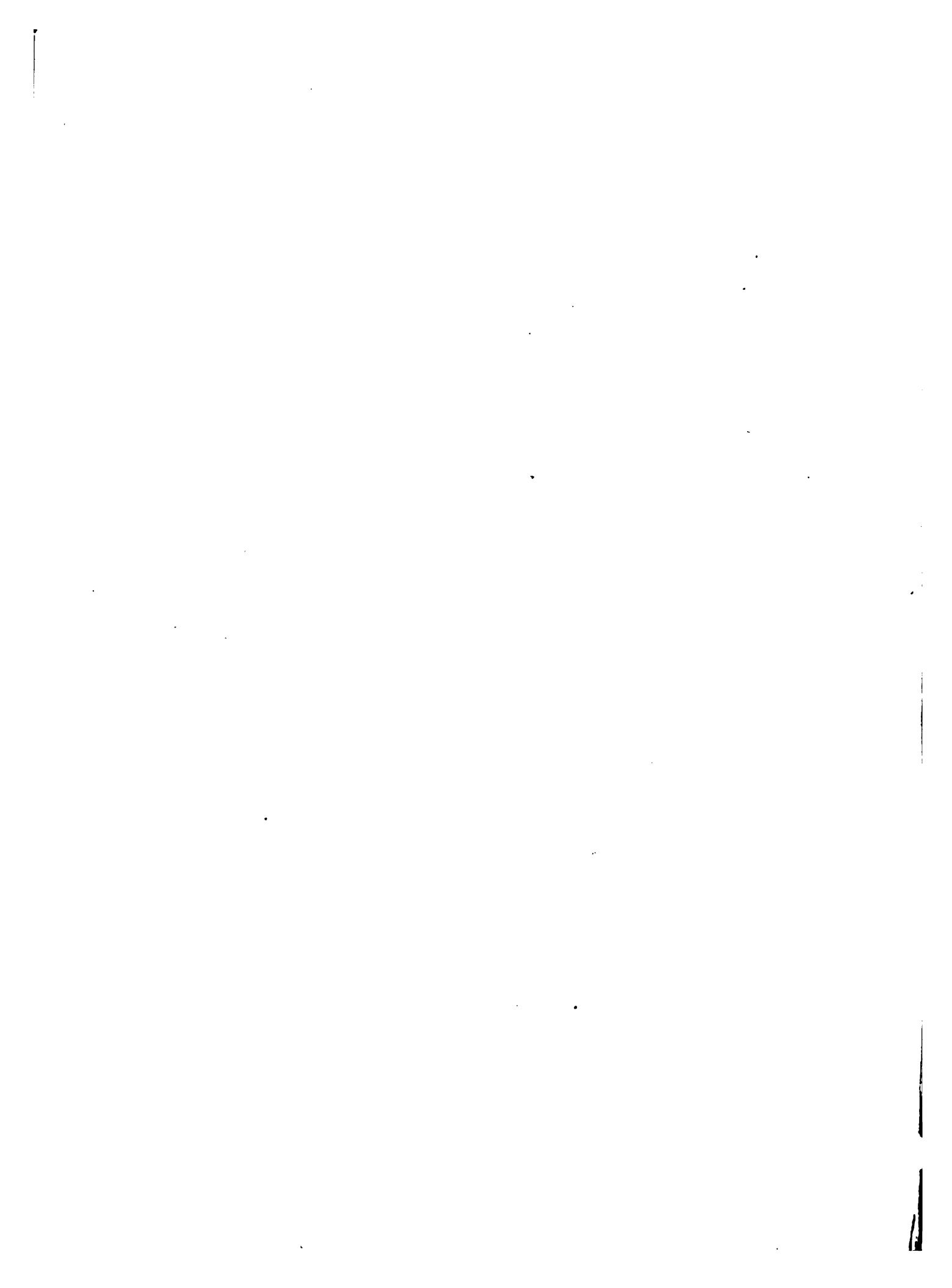
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MUSIC  
1992  
W18



# SONGS AND GAMES

FOR

## LITTLE ONES.

PREPARED BY

GERTRUDE *Annie* WALKER

AND

HARRIET S. JENKS.

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F. A. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

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## P R E F A C E.

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SONGS AND GAMES FOR LITTLE ONES is designed to meet a need felt in the Kindergarten, in the school, and in the home. A large number of the songs are entirely new, and have been written expressly for this book.

Kindergartners will find that many of the songs and games which have hitherto been obtainable only in manuscript form, are here newly arranged and harmonized.

Special care has been taken that the harmony should be simple and correct, and for valuable help in this part of the work we are indebted to PROFESSOR E. B. STORY, of SMITH COLLEGE.

For kindness in permitting the use of copyright pieces, our thanks are due to MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD, BIGLOW & MAIN, GINN & Co., THE JOHN CHURCH Co., Wm. A. POND & Co., OLIVER DITSON & Co., THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, and THE ST. NICHOLAS; also to MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE, MISS LUCY LARCOM, MRS. CELIA THAXTER, MR. LUTHER MASON, MR. F. H. GILSON, MR. DANIEL BATCHELLOR, MR. A. AUG. LOW, and MR. GEORGE COOPER.

To all little ones for whom music has a message this book is lovingly sent.

GERTRUDE WALKER.

HARRIET S. JENKS.

4-12-37 J. J. B.

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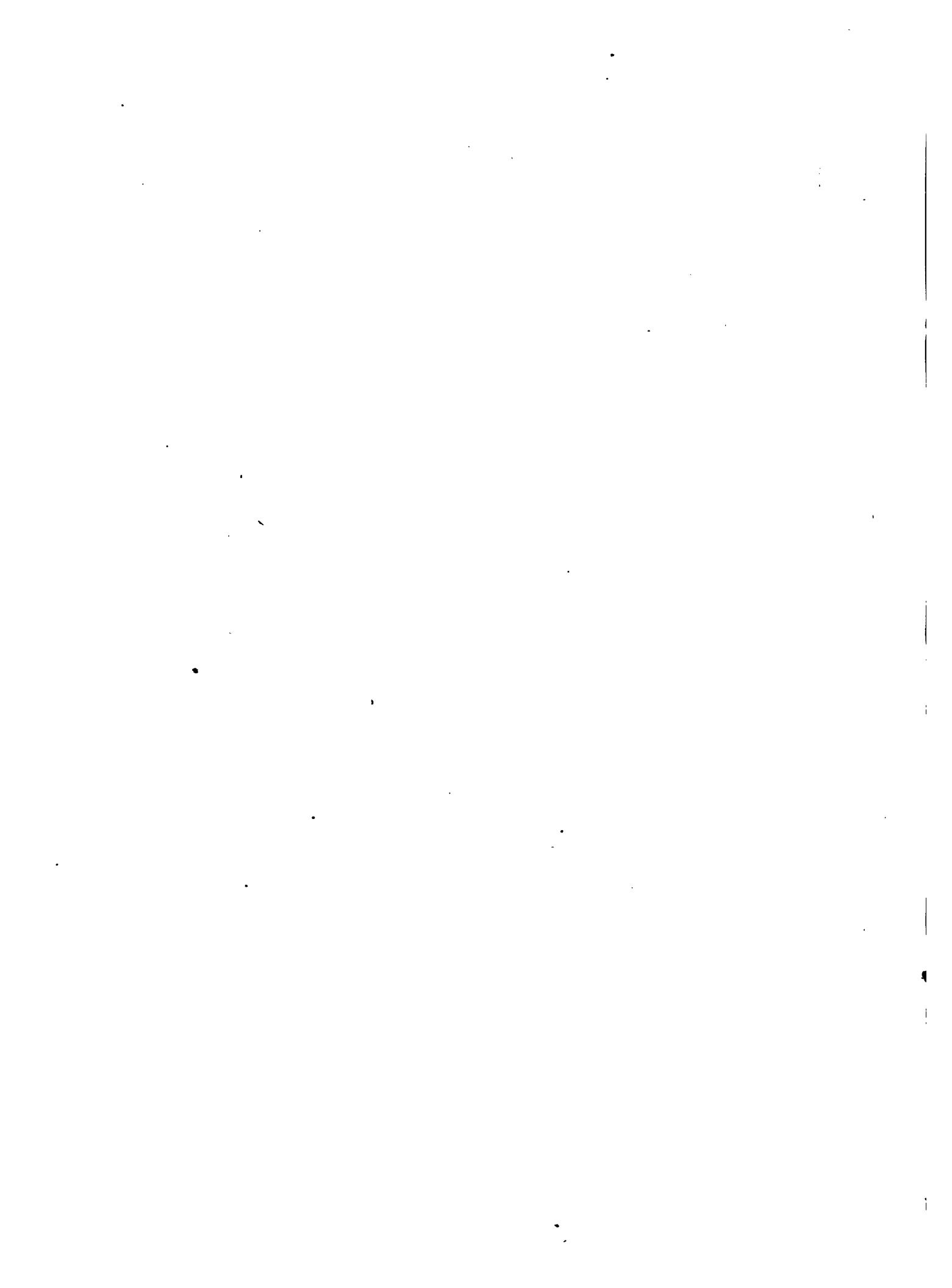
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# SONGS AND GAMES

FOR

## → LITTLE ONES. ←

### MORNING HYMN.

Rebecca J. Weston.

D. Batchellor.



1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleas - ant morn-ing light,



For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.



2. Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good;  
In all we do in work or play  
To grow more loving every day.

From "TONIC SOL-FA MUSIC COURSE," by per. F. H. Gilson.

# CAN A LITTLE CHILD LIKE ME.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

E. B. Story.



1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly? Yes, oh, yes, be



good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do; Love the Lord and do your part,



Learn to say, with all your heart, "Fa - ther in Heav - en, we thank Thee!"



2. For the fruit upon the tree,  
For the birds that sing of Thee,  
For the earth in beauty dressed,  
Father, mother, and the rest,  
For Thy precious, loving care,  
For Thy bounty everywhere,  
"Father in Heaven, we thank Thee."

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## CAREFUL GARDENER.

Mrs. Cushing. 4 3 2 3 2 3 2 3 1 2 3 4 3 Hymn.

1. Care - ful Gar - dener, Friend so dear, Gen - tly to Thy flow - ers here  
 Send the sun - shine and the rain, Let them lift their heads a - gain.

2. Without Thy care they wilt and die,  
 Let them in Thy lovelight lie;  
 Then they feel no fear of harm,  
 Sheltered by Thy holy arm.

3. Let them grow, from year to year,  
 To beauty and to Thee more near,  
 Till at last when the flow'rs are blown,  
 Cull them for Thy happy home.

## LITTLE LAMBS SO WHITE AND FAIR.

B. L. W.

1. Lit - tle lambs so white and fair Are the Shep-herd's con-stant care;  
 Now he leads their ten - der feet In - to pas - tures green and sweet.

2. Now they listen and obey,  
 Following where he leads the way;  
 Heavenly Father, may we be  
 Thus obedient unto Thee!

## ALL THE LITTLE SPARROWS.

1. { All the lit - tle spar - rows that fly so swift a - way,  
 All the lit - tle sun - beams that on the blos - soms fall,

CHORUS.

All the lit - tle flow - ers that look so bright and gay, } Sing, chil - dren, sing, and  
 Praise our Heavenly Fa - ther be - cause He loves us all. }

let us hap - py be, Our lov - ing Heavenly Fa - ther will care for you and me.

2. All the little moments that make the day so long  
 I must fill with goodness and try to do no wrong;  
 All my teacher tells me I must remember, too,  
 Little deeds of kindness I'll always try to do. CHORUS.

## THE BIRDIE'S SONG.

1 2 3 2 3 4 3 2 4 Words and Music by Mabel Frost.

1. There was once a lit - tle bir - die, Liv - ing in a for - est tree;

And it sang a song one morn - ing, That was sweet as sweet could be.

2. Would you know what sang the birdie,  
 Living in a forest tree?  
 Joyously it sang that morning,  
 "God is good, He cares for me!"

3. Little children, join the music  
 Of the birdie in the tree;  
 Sing again this happy morning,  
 "God is good, He cares for me!"

# JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

Mrs. E. H. Miller.

Gertrude Walker.

1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light,

Like a lit - tle can - die Burn - ing in the night.

In this world is dark - ness, So . . . we must shine,

You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

2. Jesus bids us shine  
First of all for Him;  
Well He sees and knows it,  
If our light is dim.  
He looks down from Heaven  
To see us shine,—  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

3. Jesus bids us shine,  
Then, for all around;  
Many kinds of darkness  
In the world are found.—  
Sin and want and sorrow,—  
So we must shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

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## IN THE PLEASANT SUNNY MEADOWS.

Adapted.

F. D. Allen.



1. In the pleas - ant sun - ny mead - ows, Where the but - ter - cups are seen,



And the dai - sies, lit - tle shad - ows Lie a - long the lev - el green.



2. Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,  
Little lambs are playing near,  
And the watchful shepherd leading  
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3. Like the lambs, we little children  
Have a Shepherd kind and good;  
It is God who watches o'er us,  
Gives us life and daily food.

German Air.



In the pleas - ant sun - ny mead - ows, Where the but - ter - cups are seen,



And the dai - sies, lit - tle shad - ows Lie a - long the lev - el green.



# GOD, MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

Mrs. B. M. Edwards.

D. Batchellor.



1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow,-



A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Wher - ev - er I may go.



CHORUS.



Oh, Fa - ther, keep Thy chil - dren, Do Thou our foot - steps guide!



We walk in peace and safe - ty, While keep - ing at Thy side.



2. God, make my life a little flower  
That giveth joy to all;  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although the place be small.

CHORUS.

3. God, make my life a little staff  
Whereon the weak may rest;  
That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbor best.

CHORUS.

# CANST THOU COUNT THE STARS?

Words and Music from the German.



1. Canst thou count the stars, that night - ly, Glis - ten in the az - ure sky?



Canst thou count the clouds that light - ly, Ev - ery day go float - ing by?



God, the Lord, the num - ber know - eth Of the won - ders that He



show - eth, Of the won - ders that He show - eth, In their count - less mul - ti - tude.



2. Canst thou count the insects playing  
In the sunshine's golden light?  
Canst thou count the fishes straying  
In the sparkling waters bright?  
God, the Lord, a name hath given  
To all creatures under heaven,  
When He called them into light.

3. Canst thou count how many children  
Go to little beds at night,  
Sleeping there so warm and cosy,  
Till they wake at morning's light?  
God, the Lord, each name can tell,  
Knows them all and loves them well,  
God, the Lord, each name can tell.

## THE MORNING BRIGHT.

Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D.

The morning bright, with ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep;

Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.

## GOD IS THERE.

1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light and fair,

Morn a - far is tell - ing Sweet - ly, God is there, Sweet - ly, God is there.

2. When the Spring is wreathing  
Flowers rich and rare,  
On each leaf is written  
Nature's God is there!

## WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID.

Fannie. T. Crosby.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

1. "I'll hie me down to yon - der bank," A lit - tle rain - drop said, "And

try to cheer that lone - ly flower, And cool its mos - sy bed; Per -

haps the breeze may chide me, Be - cause I am so small, But

sure - ly I may do my best, For God has work for all."

2. "I may not linger," said the brook,  
 "But ripple on my way,  
 And help the rills and rivers all  
 To make the ocean spray."  
 "And I must haste to labor,"  
 Replied the busy bee,  
 "The summer days are long and bright,  
 And God has work for me."

3. If little things that God has made  
 Are useful in their kind,  
 Oh, let us learn a simple truth,  
 And bear it in our mind:  
 That every child can praise Him,  
 However weak or small;  
 Let each with joy remember this,  
 The Lord has work for all.

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## CHILDREN, GRATEFUL FOR MEETING.

Chil-dren, grate-ful for meet-ing, Praise the Lord at your greet-ing, Hum-bly thank your God,  
You are all safe in His keep-ing, Through the long night while you're sleep-ing,  
Safe through the day in your work and your play, Praise the Lord heart-i-ly, chil-dren, to-day.

## LITTLE GARDENS.

Emilie Pousson.

G. W.

1. Lit-tle gar-dens may have room For the fair-est flowers that blow,  
If the plants are tend-ed well, And no weed is left to grow.

2. So in all our hearts may be  
Little gardens, sweet and fair,  
If we check the weeds of sin,  
And keep goodness growing there.

## EASTER HYMN.

Lucy Larcom.

D. Batchellor.

1. Breaks the joy - ful East - er dawn, Clear-er yet and strong - er; Win - ter from the

world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger. Far a - way, good an - gels, drive

Night and sin and sad - ness, Earth a-wakes, in smiles a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.

CHORUS.

Breaks the joy - ful East - er dawn, Clear-er yet and strong - er;

Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger.

2. Roused from long and lonely hours  
Under snow drifts chilly,  
In his hands he brings the flowers,  
Brings the rose and lily;  
Every little buried bud  
Into life he raises,  
Every wild flower of the wood  
Sings the dear Lord's praises.

CHORUS.

3. Open, happy flowers of Spring,  
For the sun is risen,  
Through the sky sweet voices ring,  
Calling you from prison.  
Little children, dear, look up,  
Toward His brightness pressing,  
Lift up every heart a cup  
For the dear Lord's blessing.

CHORUS.

## EASTER HYMN.

Lucy Larcom.

E. B. Story.

1. Breaks the joy - ful East - er dawn, Clear - er yet and strong - er;

Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger.

Far a - way, good an - gels, drive Night and sin and sad - ness,

Earth a - wakes in smiles, a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.

2. Roused from long and lonely hours  
Under snow drifts chilly,  
In his hands he brings the flowers,  
Brings the rose and lily;  
Every little buried bud  
Into life he raises,  
Every wild flower of the wood  
Sings the dear Lord's praises.

CHORUS.

3. Open, happy flowers of Spring,  
For the sun is risen,  
Through the sky sweet voices ring  
Calling you from prison.  
Little children dear, look up,  
Toward His brightness pressing,  
Lift up every heart a cup  
For the dear Lord's blessing!

CHORUS.

## AT EASTER TIME.

Laura E. Richards.

B. L. W.



1. The lit - tle flowers came through the ground, At East - er time, at East - er time;



They raised their heads and looked a - round, At hap - py East - er time.



And ev - ery pret - ty bud did say, "Good peo - ple, bless this ho - ly day,



For Christ is risen, the an - gels say, At hap - py East - er time!"



2. The pure white lily raised its cup

At Easter time, at Easter time;

The crocus to the sky looked up

At happy Easter time.

"We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,

"Its glory shines on us to-day;

Oh, may it shine on us alway

At holy Easter time!"

3. 'Twas long and long and long ago,

That Easter time, that Easter time;

But still the pure white lilies blow,

At happy Easter time.

"And still each little flower doth say,

Good Christians, bless this holy day!

For Christ is risen, the angels say,

At blessed Easter time!"

Words from THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Used by permission.

## WEATHER SONG.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, 1860.

Gertrude Walker.

1. This is the way the cloud comes down, Dark - ly, dark - ly fall - ing;  
 So it cov - ers the shin - ing blue, Till no ray can glis - ten through.

*ritard.*

This is the way the cloud comes down, Dark - ly, dark - ly fall - ing.

2. This is the way the rain comes down,  
 Swiftly, swiftly falling,  
 So He sendeth His welcome rain  
 Over field and hill and plain.  
 This is the way the rain comes down,  
 Swiftly, swiftly falling.

3. This is the way the snow comes down,  
 Softly, softly falling,  
 So He giveth His snow like wool,  
 Fair and white and beautiful.  
 This is the way the snow comes down,  
 Softly, softly falling.

4. This is the way the frost comes down,  
 Widely, widely falling,  
 So it spreadeth all through the night,  
 Shining, cold, and pure and white.  
 This is the way the frost comes down,  
 Widely, widely falling.

5. This is way the hail comes down,  
 Loudly, loudly falling,  
 So it fieth beneath the cloud,  
 Swift and strong and wild and loud.  
 This is the way the hail comes down,  
 Loudly, loudly falling.

6. This is the way sunshine comes down,  
 Sweetly, sweetly falling,  
 So it chaseth the cloud away,  
 So it waketh the lovely day.  
 This is the way sunshine comes down,  
 Sweetly, sweetly falling.

7. This is the way rainbow comes down,  
 Brightly, brightly falling,  
 So it shineth across the sky,  
 Making fair the heavens on high.  
 This is the way rainbow comes down,  
 Brightly, brightly falling.

8. This is the way the leaves come down,  
 Gently, gently falling,  
 In gold and brown and crimson drest,  
 Rocked by the wind, they lie and rest.  
 This is the way the leaves come down,  
 Gently, gently falling.

9. Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,  
 Wheresoever falling,  
 All their various voices raise,  
 Speaking forth their Maker's praise.  
 Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy works,  
 Wheresoever falling.

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## THE DAISY.

T. F. Seward.

D. Batchellor.

2. Sunny little blossom, on your slender stalk,  
How much you would teach us if you could but talk!  
Ever looking upward, all the livelong day,  
Bright your faces turn to catch each sunbeam's ray.

## THE VIOLET.

Jane Taylor.

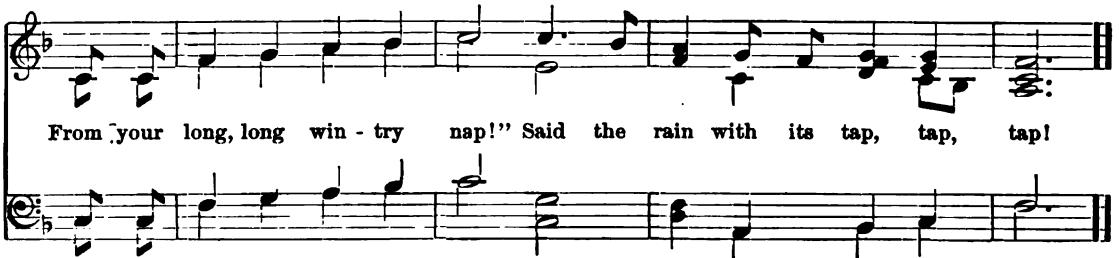
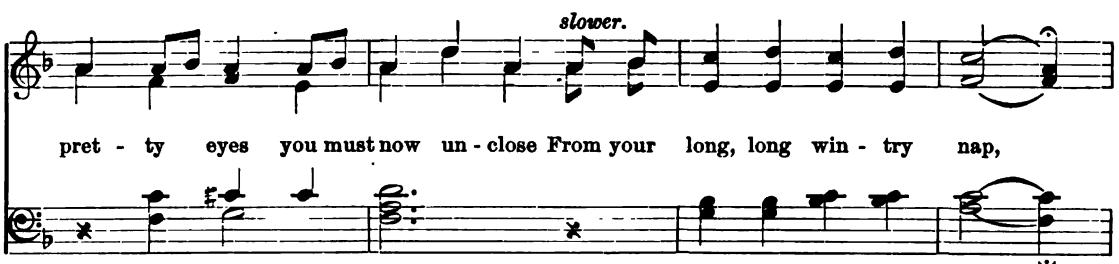
H. G. Nagæli.

2. "Joy within me springeth,  
When so sweetly singeth  
The lone nightingale.  
To her song attending,  
I am lowly bending,  
In my peaceful vale."

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## THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

F. D. Allen.



2. From the doors they peeped with a timid grace,  
Just to answer this tap, tap, tap!  
Miss Snowdrop courtesied a sweet "Good-day,"  
Then all came nodding their heads so gay,  
And they said, "We've had our nap!  
Thank you, rain, for your tap, tap, tap!"

## SEE, MILLIONS OF BRIGHT RAIN DROPS.

Adapted.

German Air.

1. See, mil - lions of bright rain - drops Are fall - ing all a - round;

2. They're danc - ing on the house - tops, And hid - ing in the ground.

3. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra

4. la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

1. See, mil - lions of bright rain - drops Are fall - ing all a - round;

2. They're danc - ing on the house - tops, And hid - ing in the ground.

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1. See, mil - lions of bright rain - drops Are fall - ing all a - round;

2. They're danc - ing on the house - tops, And hid - ing in the ground.

3. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra

4. la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

2. These fairy-like musicians,  
With anything for keys,  
Play tunes upon the windows,  
Beat time upon the trees.  
Tra, la, la, etc.
3. We happy little children  
Musicians, too, will be,  
And with the rain's sweet music  
Keep time so joyously.  
Tra, la, la, etc.

## SHOWER AND FLOWER.

Lucy Larcom.

D. Batchellor.

6  
8

1. Down the lit - tle drops pat - ter, Mak - ing a mus - i - cal clat - ter,

6  
8

Out of the clouds they throng; Fresh - ness of Heav - en they

scat - ter Lit - tle dark root - lets a - mong; "Com - ing to vis - it you,

pos - ies! O - pen your hearts to us, ros - es!"

This is the rain - drop's song, This is the rain - drop's song.

2. Up the little seed rises,  
Buds of all colors and sizes  
Clamber up out of the ground.  
Gently the blue sky surprises,  
The earth with that soft rushing sound.  
Welcome the brown bees are humming,  
"Come, for we wait for your coming!"  
Whisper the wild flow'rs around.

3. "Shower, 'tis pleasant to hear you!  
Flower, 'tis sweet to be near you!"  
This is the song everywhere.  
Listen! the music will cheer you.  
Rain drops and blossoms so fair  
Gladly are meeting together,  
Out in the beautiful weather;  
Oh, the sweet song in the air!

From "TOPIA SOL-FA MUSIC COURSE," by permission of F. H. Gilson.

# OH, THE LOVELY, LOVELY MAY!

Old Melody.



1. { Oh, the love - ly, love - ly May, } When by vale and moun - tain, When by brook and



foun - tain, Flow - 'rets bloom and in - sects play, In the love - ly, love - ly May.



Oh, the love - ly, love - ly May, Ev - er wel - come, ev - er gay!



Charm - ing, love - ly May!



2. Oh, how fresh the morning air,  
Oh, how lovely all things are!  
Birds so gaily singing,  
Woods and meadows ringing;  
Buds and blossoms fresh and bright,  
Leaves so green,— enchanting sight!  
Oh, the lovely, lovely May,  
Ever welcome, ever gay!  
Charming, lovely May!

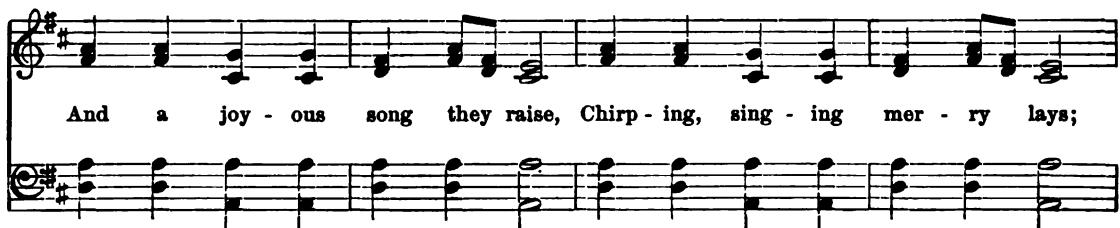
# ALL THE BIRDS HAVE COME AGAIN.

From the German.

Volkslied.



1. All the birds have come a - gain, Come a - gain to greet us,



And a joy - ous song they raise, Chirp - ing, sing - ing mer - ry lays;



Pleas - ant Spring-time's hap - py days Now re - turn to greet us!

2. See how gaily one and all  
To and fro are springing!  
As their chanting meets my ear,  
Voices sweet I seem to hear,  
Wishing us a happy year,  
Blessings with it bringing.

3. What they teach us in their song  
We must e'er be learning;  
Let us ever cheerful be,  
As the birds upon the tree,  
Welcoming so joyously  
Every Spring returning!

## THE ALDER BY THE RIVER.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Hermann Strachauer.

1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow - d'ry curls, The wil - low buds in  
 sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls. The lit - tle birds fly o - ver,  
 And oh, how sweetly sing! To tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.

CHORUS.  
 Who is it brings the flow - ers, A - dorn - ing earth a - new? 'Tis God, oh, hap - py  
 chil - dren, He makes them all for you, He makes them all for you.

2. The verdant grass comes creeping,  
 So soft beneath the feet,  
 The frogs begin to ripple  
 A music clear and sweet.  
 And buttercups are coming,  
 And scarlet columbine,  
 And in the sunny meadows  
 The dandelions shine.—Cho.

3. And just as many daisies  
 As their soft hands can hold,  
 The little ones may gather,  
 All fair in white and gold.  
 Here blows the warm, red clover,  
 There peeps the violet blue,—  
 Oh, happy, happy children,  
 God makes them all for you.—Cho.

## THE BLUEBIRD.

Mrs. E. H. Miller.

M. B. P.

1. I know the song that the blue-bird is sing - ing, Up in the ap - ple - tree  
 where he is swing-ing. Brave lit - tle fel - low! the skies may look dreary,—

CHORUS.  
 Noth - ing cares he while his heart is so cheery. "Daf - fo - dils! daf - fo - dils!  
 say, do you hear? Sum - mer is com - ing, and Spring - time is here!"

2. Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!  
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,  
 Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

CHORUS.

3. "Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
 You must be weary of winter, I know;  
 Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!  
 Summer is coming and Spring-time is here!"

CHORUS.

4. Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;  
 Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;  
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold!"

CHORUS.

## FORGET ME NOT.

F. A. L. Jacob.

1. A love - ly lit - tle flow - 'ret Blooms on our mead - ow green;

Its eye, just like the heav - en, So blue and clear is seen.

2. And though you hear no voices  
In that far, lonely spot,  
The flower is something saying,  
It says, "Forget me not!"

3. So when I see two dear eyes  
So shining and so blue,  
I think of our green meadow,  
And of my flow'ret, too.

4. My heart then something sayeth;  
Oh, can you tell me what?  
All timidly and softly  
It says, "Forget me not!"

From THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL MUSIC READER, by permission

## THE VIOLET.

Reinecke.

1. Oh, love - ly lit - tle vio - let, I pray you, tell me, dear,

Why you ap - pear so ear - ly, Ere oth - er flowers are here.

2. "Because I am so tiny,  
In early May come I;  
If I came with the others,  
I fear you'd pass me by."

## TWO ROBIN REDBREASTS,

Adapted.

The sheet music consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature (indicated by a '4'). The lyrics for the first verse are: "1. Two rob - in red - breasts in their nest Had lit - tle rob - ins". The second staff is for the piano, with a bass clef and a common time signature. The third staff is for the voice, continuing the lyrics: "three, The moth - er - bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer - ri -". The fourth staff is for the piano. The fifth staff is for the voice, continuing: "ly, And all the lit - tle rob - ins said!" Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee,". The sixth staff is for the piano. The seventh staff is for the voice, concluding with: "wee!" And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!"". The eighth staff is for the piano.

2. One day the sun was warm and bright,  
And shining in the sky;  
The mother said, "My little ones,  
'Tis time you learned to fly!"  
And all the little robins said,  
"We'll try! we'll try! we'll try!"

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# OVER THE BARE HILLS FAR AWAY.

Julie M. Lippmann.

*Briskly.*

O. B. Brown.

*Briskly.*

1. O - ver the bare hills far a - way, Some - bod - y's trav - el - ling  
2. Sing, lit - tle brook, wake up, and hear! Where is the song that you  
3. Dain - ty wee clouds in the bright blue sky, Last year I taught you to

day by day; Com - ing so slow - ly, I won - der why! Oh, she is  
learned last year? Don't you re - mem - ber the dear old tune? Naugh - ty small  
float so high! Flow - ers, where are you? why don't you blow? Come, Dan - de -

bus - y as she goes by.  
brook to for - get so soon! 4. Spring up, tall grass-es, and dais - ies and clov - er!  
li - on, you can, I know.

Last year I taught you how, o - ver and o - ver, Come with me, ev - ery one,

this is the way; Don't you re - mem - ber me? Why, I am May!"

Words from THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Used by permission.

# MAY.

O. B. Brown.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle vio - lets, wak - ing from your sleep,

Fra - grant lit - tle blos - soms, just a - bout to peep,

Would you know the rea - son all the world is gay ?

List - en to the bob - o - link, tell - ing you 'tis May.

2. Little ferns and grasses, all so green and bright,  
Purple clover nodding, daises fresh and white,  
Would you know the reason all the world is gay ?  
Listen to the bobolink, telling you 'tis May.
4. Darling little warblers, coming in the Spring,  
Would you know the reason that you love to sing ?  
Hear the merry children, shouting as they play,  
" Listen to the bobolink, telling us 'tis May!"

## PUSSY WILLOW.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

2/4 time, treble clef, key of G. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "1. 'Oh, you pus - sy wil - low, Pret - ty lit - tle thing,"

2/4 time, treble clef, key of G. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Com - ing with the sun - shine Of the ear - ly Spring,"

2/4 time, treble clef, key of G. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Tell me, tell me, pus - sy, For I want to know,"

2/4 time, treble clef, key of G. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Where it is you come from, How it is you grow!"

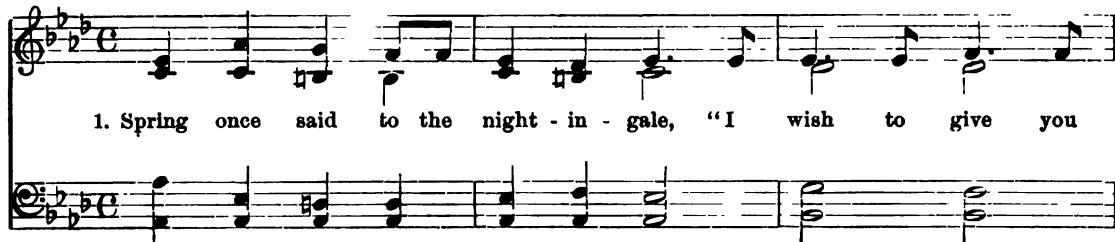
2. "Now, my little children,  
If you'll look at me  
And my little sisters.  
I am sure you'll see  
Tiny little houses,  
Out of which we peep,  
When we first are waking  
From our winter's sleep.

3. As the days grow milder,  
Out we put our heads,  
And we lightly move us  
In our little beds;  
And when warmer breezes  
Of the Springtime blow,  
Then we little pussies  
All to catkins grow!"

## THE BIRDIES' BALL.

Abridged.

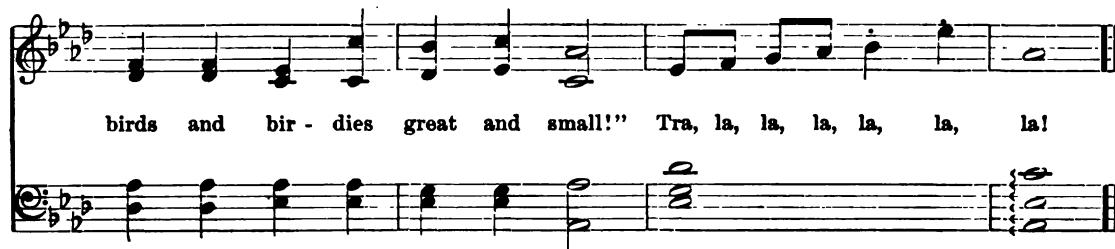
Mrs. S. C. Cornwell.



1. Spring once said to the night - in - gale, "I wish to give you



birds a ball! Pray, now ask the bird - ies all, The



birds and bir - dies great and small!" Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

2. Soon they came from each bush and tree,

All singing sweet their song of glee,

Each one fresh from his cosy nest,

And each one dressed in his Sunday best.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

3. They danced all day, till the sun was low,

The mother-birds prepared to go,

Then one and all, both great and small,

Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

Music used by permission.

# RUN, LITTLE RIVULET, RUN.

Lucy Larcom.

F. Boott.

1. Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run! Sum - mer is fair - ly be - gun,

Oh, bear to the mead-ow the hymn of the pines, And the ech - o that rings where the

wa - ter - fall shines; Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run, run!

Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run! Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run!

2. Run, little rivulet, run!

Sing to the fields of the sun

That wavers in emerald, shinimers in gold,  
Where you glide from your rocky ravine, crystal cold,  
Run, little rivulet, run!

4. Run, little rivulet, run!

Carry the perfume you won

From the lily that woke when the morning was gray,  
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay,  
Run, little rivulet, run!

3. Run, little rivulet, run!

Sing of the flowers, ev'ry one,  
Of delicate harebell and violet blue,  
Of the red, mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew,  
Run, little rivulet, run!

5. Run, little rivulet, run!

Stay not till summer is done,  
Carry to the city the mountain-bird's glee,  
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea,  
Run, little rivulet, run!

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## LITTLE WHITE LILY.

George MacDonald.

Gertrude Walker.

1. Lit - tle white lil - y sat by a stone, Droop - ing and

wait - ing till the sun shone; Lit - tle white lil - y

sun - shine has fed, Lit - tle white lil - y is lift - ing her head.

2. Little white lily said, "It is good,—  
 Little white lily's clothing and food."  
 Little white lily drest like a bride!  
 Shining with whiteness, and crowned beside!

3. Little white lily droopeth with pain,  
 Waiting and waiting for the wet rain ;  
 Little white lily holdeth her cup,  
 Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

4. Little white lily said, "Good again,—  
 When I am thirsty to have fresh rain!  
 Now I am stronger, now I am cool,  
 Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."

5. Little white lily smells very sweet ;  
 On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.  
 Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain !  
 Little white lily is happy again.

## SUMMER SONG.



1. Hear the quail in yon - der glen, He is call - ing to his mate;



You can hear him in the morn - ing, Hear him ear - ly, hear him late.



(Whistle) (Whistle) That is what the quail is say - ing, As he whistles to his mate.



2. Hear the owl in yonder tree,  
Among the leaves so green;  
Can you tell me what he's saying,  
In his leafy house unseen ?  
Whoo! whoo!  
This is what the owl is saying,  
In his leafy house unseen.

3. Seeking for his morning food,  
See the crow in yonder field!  
He must feed his little nestlings,  
In the nest so well concealed.  
Caw! caw!  
This is what the crow is saying,  
Seeking for his nestlings food.

4. When the evening comes again,  
And the earth in night is hid,  
All along the roads and meadows  
You can hear the katy-did.  
Katy-did! katy-did!  
All along the woods and meadows  
You can hear the katy-did.

## GRASSHOPPER GREEN.



3. Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house,  
It's under the hedge so gay,  
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,  
Watches him over the way.  
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,  
Out in the beautiful sun;  
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,  
Summer's the time for fun!

# THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Rev. Alfred Taylor.

D. Batchellor.

## 2. Buzz!

This is the song of the bee.  
 His legs are of yellow, a jolly good fellow,  
 And yet a great worker is he.  
 The sweet smelling clover he humming hangs over,  
 The scent of the roses makes fragrant his wings;  
 He never gets lazy,— from thistle and daisy,  
 And weeds of the meadow, some measure he brings.

Music from "TONIC SOL-FÉ MUSIC COURSE," by permission of F. H. Gilson.

# THE REASON WHY.

George Cooper.  
*Cheerfully.*

O. B. Brown.

1. Oh, hap - py birds a - mong the boughs, And sil - ver, tink - ling brook be - low,  
Why are you glad though skies look sad, Though skies look sad?

*a little slower.*

"Ah, would you, would you know? Ah, would you, would you know" A pleas - ant voice to

*a tempo.*

me re - plied, "For some - one else we sing, For some - one else we sing, And

*accel.*

that is why the wood-lands wide With rap - ture 'round us ring!"

2. Oh, daisies, crowding all the fields,  
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow,  
Each glance you greet  
With smiles so sweet!  
"And why? ah, would you know?"  
Their beauty to my heart replied,  
"For some one else we live,  
And nothing in this world so wide  
Is sweeter than to give!"

Words from ST. NICHOLAS. Used by permission

## OUT IN THE MEADOWS.

1. Out in the mead-ows so fresh and so dew - y, Out in the mead-ows at

break-ing of day, Op -'ning their eyes at the first beam of sun - light, "We

wish you good - mor - row!" the dai - sies say. Gold - en and white in the

morn - ing light, "We wish you good-mor - row!" the dai - sies say.

2. Out in the fields in the glory of noontide,  
Out where the bees and the butterflies play,  
Through their white lids looking up into Heaven,  
"We love the bright sunshine!" the daisies say.  
Golden and white in the noontide light,  
"We love the bright sunshine!" the daisies say.

3. Out in the field when the bright sunlight fadeth,  
Gilding the hilltop with lingering ray,  
Closing their eyes as the day's glory dieth,  
"We wish you good-evening!" the daisies say.  
Golden and white in the evening light,  
"We wish you good-evening!" the daisies say.

4. Out in the fields, in the quiet, sweet starlight,  
Hushed all confusion and noise of the day,  
All fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,  
"We wake on the morrow!" the daisies say.  
Golden and white in the still starlight,  
"We wake on the morrow!" the daisies say.

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## BOAT SONG.

Spanish Melody.



1. Light - ly row, light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go!



Smooth - ly glide, smooth - ly glide, On the si - lent tide!



Let the winds and wa - ters be Ming - led with our mel - o - dy.



Sing and float, sing and float, In our lit - tle boat!

2. Far away, far away,  
Echo in the rocks at play,  
Calleth not, calleth not,  
To this lonely spot.  
Only with the sea-bird's note  
Shall our dying music float;  
Lightly row, lightly row,  
Echo's voice is low.

## COME, LITTLE LEAVES.

George Cooper.

Margaret P. Osgood.

1. "Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day,

"Come o'er the mead-ows with me and play, Put on your dress - es of

red and gold, For sum - mer is gone, and the days grow cold."

2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,  
Down they came fluttering, one and all;  
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,  
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

3. "Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long!  
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,  
Say you are sorry to see us go;  
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know!"

4. Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,  
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;  
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade,  
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

5. Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,  
Winter had called them, and they were content;  
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,  
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

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## GOOD-BYE TO THE FLOWERS.

George Cooper.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

1 Good - bye, dai - sy, pink and rose, And snow-white lil - y, too!

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is primarily in eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Ev - ery pret - ty flower that grows, Here's a kiss for you!

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody continues in eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Good - bye, mer - ry bird and bee, And take this ti - ny song

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody continues in eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

For the one you sang to me, All the sum - mer long!

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody continues in eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

2. Good-bye, mossy little rill,  
That shivers in the cold,  
Leaves that fall on vale and hill  
Cover you with gold!  
A sweet good-bye to birds that roam,  
And rills and flowers and bees!  
But when winter's gone, come home  
As early as you please.

## THANKSGIVING SONG.

Lydia Maria Child.

Margaret Bradford Morton.



1. Over the river and through the wood, To grand-father's house we go,



The horse knows the way To car - ry the sleigh Through the white and drift - ed snow.



2. Over the river and through the wood,

Oh, how the wind does blow!

It stings the toes,

And bites the nose,

As over the ground we go.

3. Over the river and through the wood

Trot fast, my dappled gray!

Spring over the ground,

Like a hunting hound,

For this is Thanksgiving day.

4. Over the river and through the wood,

And straight through the barnyard gate!

We seem to go

Extremely slow,

It is so hard to wait!

5. Over the river and through the wood,

Now Grandmother's cap I spy,

Hurrah for the fun!

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

## WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

1. Where do all the dai - sies go? I know, I know!

Un - der - neath the snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle

heads and sleep, In the Spring-time out they peep,—That is where they

go! In the Spring-time out they peep, That is where they go!

2. Where do all the birdies go?

I know, I know!

Far away from Winter snow  
To the fair, warm South they go;  
There they stay till daisies blow,  
That is where they go!

3. Where do all the babies go?

I know, I know!

In the glancing fire-light warm,  
Safely sheltered from all harm,  
Soft they lie on mother's arm,  
That is where they go!

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## WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

Mary Lamb.

Gertrude Walker.

1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go?

He rides o'er the wa - ter and o - ver the snow;

O'er wood and o'er val - ley, And o - ver the height,

Where goats can - not trav - erse, He tak - eth his flight.

2. He rages and tosses,  
And bare is the tree,  
As when you look upward  
You plainly may see;  
But from whence he cometh,  
Or whither he goes,  
There's no one can tell you,—  
There's no one that knows.

## THE SNOW.



1. Oh, see the snow is fall - ing now, It pow - ders all the trees!



The flakes a - bound, and all a - round They float up - on the breeze,



The flakes a - bound, and all a - round They float up - on the breeze.



2. 'Tis snowing fast, and cold the blast,

But yet I hope 'twill stay;

Oh, see it blow the falling snow

In shadows far away!

3. Jack Frost is near, we feel him here,

He's on his icy sled;

And, covered deep, the flowers sleep

Beneath the snowy bed.

4. Come out and play this winter day,

Amid the falling snow!

Come, young and old, nor fear the cold,

Nor howling winds that blow!

## LITTLE JACK FROST.



1. Lit-tle Jack Frost went up the hill, Watching the stars and moon so still,



Watching the stars and moon so bright, And laughing a-loud with all his might.



Lit-tle Jack Frost ran down the hill, Late in the night when the winds were still,



Late in the Fall when the leaves fell down, Red and yel-low and fad-ed brown.

2. Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,  
"Ah," sighed the flowers, "We freeze, we freeze!"  
"Ah," sighed the grasses, "We die, we die!"  
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye! Good-bye!"  
Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,  
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,  
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,  
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

3. But when Dame Nature brought back the Spring,  
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,  
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,  
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.  
The flowers opened their eyes of blue,  
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew;  
It was so warm and scorched him so,  
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.

## LITTLE JACK FROST.

Mrs. S. C. Cornwell.

1. Lit - tle Jack Frost went up the hill, Watch-ing the stars and the

moon so still, Watch - ing the stars and the moon so bright,

*Ending for 3rd stanza.*

And laugh - ing a - loud with all his might!

2. Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,  
Late in the night, when the winds were still,  
Late in the Fall, when the leaves fell down,  
Red and yellow and faded brown.

3. Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,  
"Ah!" sighed the flowers, "We freeze, we freeze!"  
"Ah!" sighed the grasses, "We die, we die!"  
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye, good-bye!"

4. Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,  
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,  
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,  
And chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

5. But when Dame Nature brought back the Spring,  
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,  
Melted the snow and warmed the sky  
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.

6. The flowers opened their eyes of blue,  
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew,  
It was so warm and it scorched him so,  
Little Jack Frost was glad to go!

Music used by permission.

## TINY LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES.

Lucy Larcom.

D. Batchellor.

1. Tin - y lit tle snow - flakes, In the air so high,

Are you lit - tle an - gels, Float - ing in the sky?

Robed so white and spot - less, Fly - ing like a dove,

Are you lit - tle creat - ures, From the world a - bove?

2. Whirling on the side walk,  
Dancing in the street,  
Kissing all the faces  
Of the children sweet,  
Loading all the housetops,  
Powdering all the trees,—  
Cunning little snow-flakes,  
Little busy bees!

## CHILLY LITTLE CHICKADEES.

D. Batchellor.



1. Chil - ly lit - tie chick-a - dees, Sit - ting in a row, Chil - ly lit - tie chick-a - dees,



2. Hungry little chickadees,  
Would you like some bread ?  
I will give you all you want,  
Or some seed, instead.  
Anything you like to eat  
I will give you free,  
Every morning, every night,  
If you come to me.

3. Jolly little chickadees,  
Have you had enough ?  
Don't forget to come again  
When the weather's rough.  
Bye, bye, happy little birds !  
Off the wee things swarm,  
Flying through the driving snow,  
Singing in the storm.

## COASTING SONG.

Mrs. Harriet A. Sawyer.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

Here we go o'er the snow, Soft - ly now we glide, . . . .

Sleds in hand, a hap - py band, Coast - ing side by side; . . . .

O, what fun, thus to run Swift - ly o'er the snow! . . . .

Mer - ry song we'll pro - long, Shout - ing as we go.

## WINTER JEWELS.

G. W.

1. A mil - lion lit - tle dia - monds Twink - led on the trees,  
2. But while they held their hands To catch the dia - monds gay,

And all the lit - tle chil - dren said, "A jew - el, if you please!"  
A mil - lion lit - tle sun - beams came, And stole them all a - way.

## THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

Abridged.

Harriet S. Jenks.

*Allegro.*

1. Oh, I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, ho! Here I come tripping it o - ver the snow,  
Shak - ing my bells with a mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in!

2. Blessings I bring for each and all,  
Big folks and little folks, short and tall,  
Each one from me a treasure may win,  
So open your doors and let me in.

3. For I am the little New Year, oh, ho!  
Here I come tripping it over the snow,  
Shaking my bells with a merry din,  
So open your doors and let me in!

Words from THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, by permission.

## WINTER SONG.

Translated by Mrs. L. T. Cragin.

Arranged from F. Schubert.

*Quietly.*

1. Light - ly, light - ly falls the snow, My - riad flakes to - geth - er,  
Danc - ing, 'danc - ing, to and fro, No one know - eth whith - er.

2. 'Neath a mantle soft and white  
Grass and flower sleepeth,  
Safe through all the winter's night  
Earth her treasures keepeth.

3. After winter comes the May,  
Sunshine warm, and showers;  
Birds will sing and lambkins play,  
Then, too, wake the flowers.

From THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL MUSIC READER, by permission.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Sheet music for 'The Old Year and the New' in G major, 2/4 time. The music consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics.

1. The north winds blow o'er drifts of snow; Out in the cold who

goes from here? "Good - bye, good - bye!" loud voic - es call, "Good -

bye!" re - turns the brave Old Year. But, look - ing back, what

word leaves he? "Oh, you must all good chil - dren be!"

2. A knock! a knock! tis twelve o'clock!  
This time of night, pray, who comes here?  
Ah, now I see — 'tis he! 'tis he!  
All people know the glad New Year.  
What has he brought and what says he?  
"Oh, you must all good children be!"

# THE BLESSED DAY.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

D. Batchellor.

1. What shall lit - tle chil - dren bring on Christ-mas day, on Christ-mas day?  
 2. What shall lit - tle chil - dren sing on Christ-mas day, on Christ-mas day?

What shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, on Christ - mas day in the morn - ing?  
 What shall lit - tle chil - dren sing on Christ - mas day in the morn - ing?

This shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, on Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,  
 The grand old car - ols shall they sing, on Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,

Love and joy to Christ, their King, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.  
 With all their hearts their offerings bring, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

This shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, On Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,  
 The grand old car - ols shall they sing, On Christ - mas day, on Christ - mas day,

Love and joy to Christ their King, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.  
 With all their hearts their offerings bring, On Christ - mas day in the morn - ing.

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## OH, RING, GLAD BELLS.

Adapted.

Rev. J. D. Herron.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano (right hand), and the bottom staff is for the piano (left hand). The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The piano parts include dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are as follows:

1. The bells are ring - ing loud and sweet, This hap - py Christ-mas day to greet,

And in our hearts glad thoughts are born, By ju - bi - lant bells of Christ-mas morn.

For in a man - ger, poor and low, Was laid the Christ-child years a - go;

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OH, RING, GLAD BELLS.



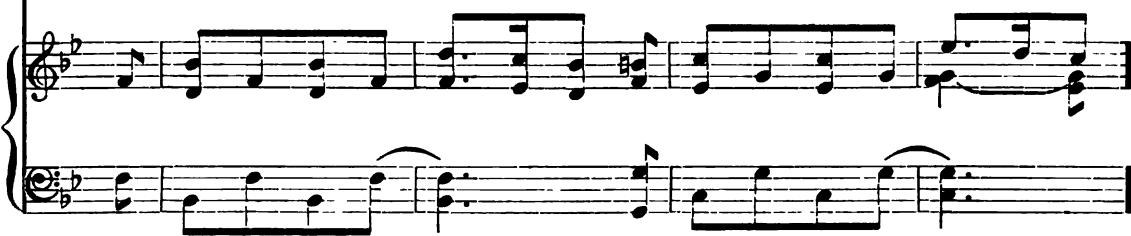
While shep-herds, on the hills a - near, Heard an - gel voic - es loud and clear.



CHORUS.



Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet, The song the a - ges shall re - peat,



Which an - gels sing on Christ-mas still, Of "Peace on earth, to men good - will!"



2. Oh, Christ-child, poor and lowly born,  
The stars sang on Thy birthday morn:  
While cradled on Thy mother's breast,  
The wise men sought Thy place of rest.  
Then peace descended on the earth,  
In welcome to Thy holy birth.  
"Peace upon earth, to men good-will!"  
To-day we children sing it still.

CHORUS.

3. Oh, song a-down the ages rolled,  
Oh, song which never can be told,  
Oh, Christ-child, born the world to bless,  
And show the way to happiness,  
May we, like shepherds to Thy feet,  
Bring love, the gift of all most meet,  
And worship Thee, while singing still,  
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"  
CHORUS.

# THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Emilie Pousson.

Margaret Bradford Morton.

1. Once a lit - tle ba - by lay Crad-led on the fra-grant hay, Long a - go on

Christ - mas; Stranger bed a babe n'er found, Wond'ring cat - tle stood a - round,

Long a - go on Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

2. By the shining vision taught,  
Shepherds for the Christ-child sought,  
Long ago on Christmas.  
Guided in a starlit way,  
Wise men came their gifts to pay,  
Long ago on Christmas.
3. And to-day the whole glad earth  
Praises God for that Child's birth,  
Long ago on Christmas;  
For the Life, the Truth, the Way  
Came to bless the earth that day,  
Long ago on Christmas.

## THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ECHOES.

Margaret Bradford Morton.



1. The air is filled with the ech - oes, Glad voic - es are singing a - gain,



"Glo - ry to God in the High - est! Peace and good-will to men!" Oh,



lis - ten, dear chil - dren, lis - ten, The bells and the great chimes say The



sweet - est song that ev - er was sung, "Je - sus was born to - day!"



2. The world was dark and lonely,  
Till the sound of His voice was heard,  
And the hearts of the sad and lowly  
Leaped at His lightest word;  
And over the fields in their beauty,  
The lilies and birds of the air,  
The tender love of the Father  
He showed us everywhere.

3. An angel may praise Him in Heaven,  
A child may sing upon earth,  
With a joy that shall ring through all ages  
The story of Christ and His birth.  
Oh, listen, dear children, listen!  
The bells and the great chimes say  
The sweetest song that ever was sung,  
"Jesus was born to-day!"

# NOËL NOËL, THE CHRIST IS BORN!

Words by S. S.

*With spirit.*

Harry Rowe Shelley.

1. Chime the bells, for the Christ is born; Shout the glad ti-dings, 'tis Christmas morn;  
Tell it a-broad o'er all the earth, Till the air rings with ho-ly mirth. No-  
é, No-é, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;  
Bring the hol-ly, and twine the bay, To crown the in-fant King to-day.

2. Send the news o'er the broad, round earth,  
Let nations hear of the holy birth;  
With shout of praise, and jubilant song,  
Let the words ring both loud and strong.  
Noël, Noël, etc.

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# SHINE OUT, OH BLESSED STAR!

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.

1. Shine out, oh bless - ed star, Prom - ise of the dawn!  
2. Far through the shin - ing sky, An - gel voic - es call,

Glad ti - dings send a - far; Christ, the Lord, is born!  
"Glo - ry to God on high! Peace, good - will to all!"

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, hap - py bells! Hap - py bells, Bells of Christ - mas!

Ring, ring, hap - py bells! Christ, the Lord, is born!

3. Hail to the Holy Child,  
Hail our Lord and King!  
Wise men and shepherds wild  
Eager tribute bring.  
CHORUS.

4. Sing, all in earth and Heaven!  
This is Christmas morn!  
Joy to the world is given,  
Christ, the Lord, is born!  
CHORUS.

# SING, LITTLE CHILDREN, SING.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF MISS GARLAND'S KINDERGARTEN.

Lucy Larcom.

George L. Osgood.

*Allegro.* *Brightly.*

1. Sing, little children, sing A carol for Christmas  
day; Blos-soms and gar-lands bring, While the mer-ry bells  
ring. Joy - ful - ly . . . let us say . . . Je - sus is born to -

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SING, LITTLE CHILDREN, SING.

Musical score for the first part of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a dotted half note, followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "day. Joy - ful - ly ... let us say. Je - sus is born to -". The piano part includes dynamic markings *f* and *ritard.*

Musical score for the second part of the song. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern with dynamic *f*. The lyrics are: "day. *a tempo.*". The piano part includes a dynamic *f*.

2. Jesus on earth was born,  
And lived here a little child,  
He doth our world adorn,  
Light of this lovely morn,—  
Jesus, the undefiled,  
Jesus, the Heavenly Child.

3. Sing, little children, dear,  
Not only on Christmas day,  
But ev'ry day of the year;  
Still is the Christ-child here.  
He is here, and we always may  
Be glad, as on Christmas day.

# COME AND JOIN OUR CAROL.

G. C. G.

E. B. Story.

1. Come and join our car - ol, As, with glad re - frain,

Shout we joy - ful ti - dings To the world a - gain.

CHORUS.

Hear the an - gel cho - rus In the heav - ens sing, "Ho -  
san - na in the high - est! Peace on earth we bring!"

2. Help us tell the story  
Of the glorious birth,  
How our blessed Jesus  
Came upon this earth.

CHORUS.

3. Christ, our loving Saviour,  
Lived and died for all  
Who, their sins repenting,  
Heed His earnest call.

CHORUS.

4. Now we ought to love Him  
Who has loved us so,  
For He gave His life that  
We to Heaven might go.

CHORUS.

## A WONDERFUL TREE.

Mrs. M. N. Meigs. Adapted.

Fred. Schilling.

1. There's a won - der - ful tree, a won - der - ful tree, The hap - py chil - dren re -  
joice to see, Spread - ing its branch - es year by year, It  
comes from the for - est to flour - ish here. Oh, this won - der - ful tree,  
With its branch - es wide, Is al - ways, is al - ways blooming At Christ - mas tide.

2. 'Tis not alone in the summer's sheen  
Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green,  
It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,  
And earth is white with the feathery snow.  
And this wonderful tree,  
With its branches wide,  
Bears many a gift  
For Christmas tide.

3. But not for us children did this tree grow,  
With its strange sweet fruit on each laden bough;  
For those we love we have made with care  
Each pretty thing you see hanging there.  
May this wonderful tree,  
With its branches wide,  
Bring joy to our friends  
At Christmas tide!

4. For a voice is telling its boughs among  
Of the Shepherd's watch and the angel's song,  
Of a holy babe in the manger low,—  
The beautiful story of long ago;  
When a radiant star  
Threw its beams so wide,  
To herald the blessed  
First Christmas tide.

5. Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,  
And bring the pleasant thought to me  
Of Him who came from His home above,  
The richest gift of His Father's love,  
He came to show us how  
To spread far and wide  
The joys of the holy,  
Sweet Christmas tide!

# CAROL, OH, CAROL!

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '8'). The lyrics '1. Car - ol, oh, car - ol, Christ - mas is here, ....' are written below the notes. The middle staff is for the piano, with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time. The bottom staff is for the piano, with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time. The lyrics 'Glad - dest of birth - days In all the year! ....' are written below the notes. The piano parts include bass notes and chords.

2. Long ago, Christmas,  
In Winter wild,  
Brought us from Heaven  
The dear Christ-child.

3. Sing, little children,  
Glad echoes wake,  
We'll love each other  
For Christ's dear sake.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

D. Batchelor.

Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas bells, Oh, sweet-ly, sweet-ly chime!

Let the hap-py voic-es on the breez-es swell, This mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas time.

*dolce.*

1. Peace on earth, good-will to men, Oh, an- gel sing-ers, sing a-gain, While  
 2. Ban-ish ev-ery thought of care, Let mirth and mus-ic fill the air, While

- hearts and voic-es here be-low Join' in the sweet re-frain! Oh,  
 hearts and voic-es here a-gain Re-peat the sweet re-frain! Oh, etc.

*a tempo.*

mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Oh, sweet-ly, sweet-ly chime!

Let the hap-py voic-es on the breez-es swell, This mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas time.

## CAROL, CHILDREN, CAROL.

Music for two voices (Soprano and Bass) in common time (C). The key signature is common (no sharps or flats). The music consists of five staves of music with lyrics.

1. Car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly,  
2. Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

3. And pray a glad - some Christ - mas To all good Chris - tian men,

4. Then car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Till Christ - mas come a - gain, Oh,

5. car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, car - ol joy - ful - ly,  
6. Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

## CHILDREN, CAN YOU TRULY TELL?

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major (indicated by a G clef) and 4/8 time. The middle staff is in C major (indicated by a C clef) and 4/8 time. The bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a C clef) and 4/8 time. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff contains the lyrics: "1. Chil - dren, can you tru - ly tell, Do you know the". The second staff contains the lyrics: "sto - ry well, Ev - ery lit - tle girl and boy,". The third staff contains the lyrics: "Why the an - gels sing for joy, On the Christ - mas morn - ing?". The music features eighth-note patterns and bass notes.

2. Yes, we know the story well,  
Listen now, and hear us tell,  
Every little girl and boy,  
Why the angels sing for joy,  
On the Christmas morning.

4. Angels sang a loud, sweet song,  
For a holy babe was born;  
Down on earth to live with men,  
Jesus, our dear Saviour, came,  
On the Christmas morning.

5. Shepherds sat upon the ground,  
Fleecy flocks were scattered 'round,  
When the brightness filled the sky,  
And a song was heard on high,  
On the Christmas morning.

6. Joy and peace the angels sang,  
Far the pleasant echoes rang,  
"Peace on earth, to men good-will!"  
Hark! the angels sing it still,  
On the Christmas morning.

# JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Words and Music by Eugene Thayer, 1868.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key of G major. The first staff starts with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, the third with a treble clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the lyrics. The second staff contains the second line. The third staff contains the third line. The fourth staff contains the fourth line, which is a repeat of the first line.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly Car - ol, Christmas bells! Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly

Car - ol, Christ-mas bells! Christ, our Lord, was born to - day, Let us all be

glad and say We will love him and o - obey! Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

Car - ol, Christ-mas bells! Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly Car - ol, Christ-mas bells!

2. Joyfully, joyfully  
Carol, Christmas bells!

Merrily, merrily  
Carol, Christmas bells!  
Here around the Christmas tree,  
All our hearts are glad and free,  
While we carol lovingly,  
Joyfully, joyfully, etc.

3. Joyfully, joyfully  
Carol, Christmas bells!

Merrily, merrily  
Carol, Christmas bells!  
For we all remember here  
Christ, our Lord and Saviour dear,  
Now, and always while we sing,  
Joyfully, joyfully, etc.

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# THE NEW MOON.

Mrs. Follen.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

1. Oh, moth-er, how pret-ty the moon looks to-night; It was nev-er so cun-nung be -

fore!... Her two lit - tle horns are so sharp and so bright, I

hope she'll not grow an - y more... If I were up there with

you and my friends, We'd rock in it nice - ly, you'd see, ... We'd

sit in the mid-dle, and hold by both ends, Oh, what a bright cra - dle 'twould be! ...

2. We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,  
 For fear we should rock on their toes,  
 And then we would rock till the dawn of the day,  
 And see where the pretty moon goes.  
 And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,  
 And through the bright clouds we would roam;  
 We'd see the sun rise, and we'd see the sun set,  
 And on the next rainbow come home.

## BABY'S LULLABY.

When lit - tle bir - die bye - bye goes, Qui - et as mice in church - es,

He puts his head where no one knows, On one leg he perch - es.

When lit - tle ba - by bye - bye goes, On mam - ma's arm re - pos - ing,

Soon he lies be - neath the clothes, Safe in the cra - dle doz - ing.

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BABY'S LULLABY.

When pret - ty pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to - geth - er, Then lit - tle mice a -

round her creep, Lightly as a feath - er. When lit - tle ba - by goes to sleep,

... And he is ver - y near us, Then on tip - toe soft - ly creep, That ba - by may not

hear us! Lul - la - by! Lul-la - by! Lul - la, Lul-la, Lul-la, Lul - la - by!

## ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE KITTY. *Adapted.*

1. Once there was a lit - tle kit - ty White as the snow; In the barn she  
 used to frol - ic, Long time a - go. In the barn a lit - tle mou - sie  
 Ran to and fro; And she heard the kit - ty com - ing, Long time a - go.

2. Two black eyes had little kitty,  
 Black as a crow,  
 And they spied the little mousie,  
 Long time ago.  
 Four soft paws had little kitty,  
 Soft as the snow,  
 And they caught the little mousie,  
 Long time ago.

3. Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,  
 All in a row,  
 And they bit the little mousie,  
 Long time ago.  
 When the teeth bit little mousie,  
 Mousie cried out "Oh!"  
 And she got away from kitty,  
 Long time ago.

## TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Jane Taylor.

Gertrude Walker.

1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are,  
 Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky!

2. When the glorious sun is set,  
 When the grass with dew is wet,  
 Then you show your little light,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3. Little traveller in the dark,  
 Thank you for your tiny spark;  
 For you never shut your eye,  
 Till the sun is in the sky!

## SEWING SONG.

Emilie Pousson.

H. S. J.

1. Lit - tle card so dain - ty, Snow - y white and fair,

Neat must be the fin - gers Touch - ing you with care,

Shin - ing lit - tle nee - dle, Through the card you go,

Draw - ing pret - ty worst - ed, As we learn to sew.

2. Happy are we working,  
Thinking of the day  
When the pretty present  
We can give away.  
Little gifts are precious,  
If a loving heart  
Help the busy fingers,  
As they do their part.

## WEAVING SONG.

M. T. Hale.

Arranged by H. S. J.

## LADY MOON.

Lord Houghton.

Harriet P. Sawyer.

2. Are you not tired with rolling, and never

Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever  
Wishing to weep?

3. Ask not this, little child, if you love me,

You are too bold.

I must obey the Father above me,  
And do as I'm told.

## BIRTHDAY SONG.

1. All hail to thee, fair morn - ing, The first in all the year!

When gleams the rud - dy sun - rise, We'll shout with voic - es clear,

CHORUS.

Oh, a hap - py new year to our lit - tle friend, Our lit - tle friend so dear!

Oh, a hap - py new year to our lit - tle friend, Our lit - tle friend so dear!

2. The old year has departed,  
With all its gifts of cheer;  
With rosy smile to greet us  
Behold the new appear!

CHORUS.

3. But let us all remember,  
As pass the hours away,  
From now till next December,  
To help him every day!

CHORUS.

## GOOD-MORNING SONG.

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.



1. Good - morn - ing to the sun - shine fair, That lights this world of ours,



Good - morn - ing to the sing - ing birds, Good - morn - ing to the flowers!



CHORUS.



Good - morn - ing to the glad new day, What - e'er the skies let fall,



If storm or sun - shine, it is sent, A lov - ing gift to all.



2. Good-morning to the friendly clouds  
That bring refreshing rain,  
Which patters out "Good-morning, dears!"  
Against the window pane.

CHORUS.

3. Good-morning to the lovely snow,  
That lies so soft and deep  
Above the little tender seeds  
In mother earth asleep.

CHORUS.

## GOOD-MORNING, NEW DAY.

Caro A. Dugan.

*With spirit.*

G. W.

Good-morn-ing, new day! We're glad we're a - wake, Your work and your play and your sun - shine to take; We're glad we are a - ble So gai - ly to call, "Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - ing! Good - morn - ing to all!"

## GOOD-MORNING, DEAR CHILDREN.

Adapted.

Good - morn - ing, dear chil - dren, good - morn - ing to all! The clock points the hour, and we come at its call; We're hap - py in work and we're hap - py in play, Then hur - rah! then hur - rah! for each hap - py day.

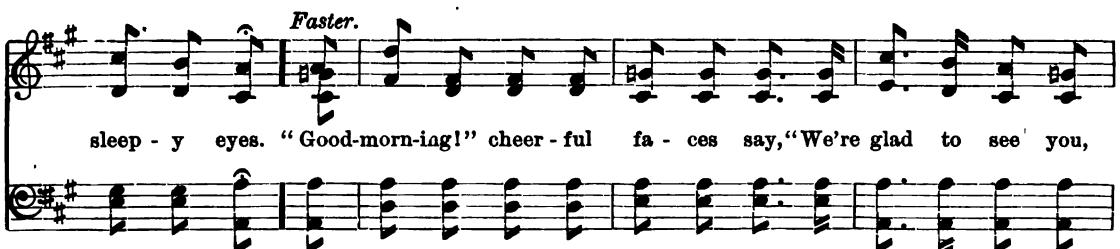
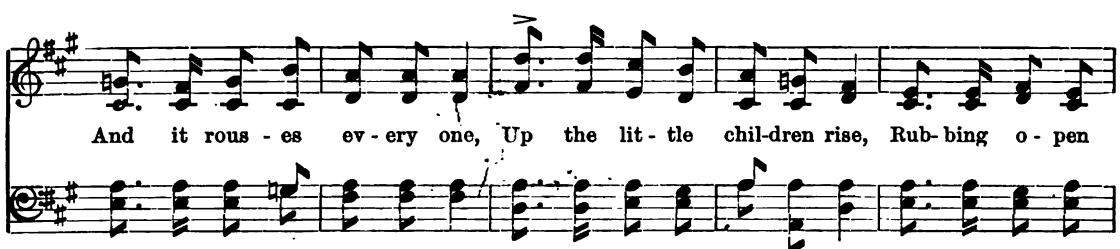
# GOOD-MORNING.

GESTURE SONG.

Words and Music by Gertrude Walker.



This is how, all through the night, Lit - tle eyes were fold - ed tight, Lit - tle hands and



## THUMBKIN SAYS, "I'LL DANCE!"

1. Thumb-kin says, "I'll dance!"      Thumb-kin says, "I'll sing!"

Dance and sing, ye merry lit-tle men; Thumb-kin says, "I'll dance and sing!"

2. Pointer says, "I'll dance!" etc.  
 Tall man says, "I'll dance!" etc.  
 Ring man says, "I'll dance!" etc.  
 Little man says, "I'll dance!" etc.  
 All the men say they'll dance! etc.  
 All the men say they'll rest! etc.

## LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Anna S. Mather.

Caro A. Dugan.

1. Oh, where is lit-tle Boy Blue? The cows are in the corn!

They are eat-ing it up as fast as they can, Why doesn't he blow his horn?

2. And down in the meadow, the sheep  
 Are swinging their tails behind them;  
 You know they belong to little Bo-Peep,  
 And she doesn't know where to find them.

3. One day our little Boy Blue  
 Lay under the haystack high,  
 And we didn't dare to wake him up,  
 For fear that he would cry.

4. Perhaps he is sleeping to-day,  
 With his eyelids closed so fast,  
 That he doesn't hear a word we say;  
 Ah! here he comes at last!

5. Now, hear him blow his horn,  
 Toot-too! Toot-too-a-too-too!  
 And the cows have all gone out of the corn,  
 And the sheep are scampering, too!

## EIGHT WHITE SHEEP.

1. I've eight white sheep all fast a - sleep, And two old dogs close by; All

through the night their watch is bright, For fear a wolf come nigh. A

wild wolf comes, and then old thumbs, Who like no bet - ter play, Cry

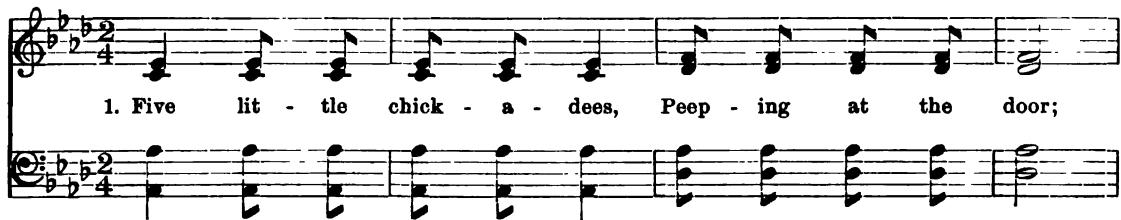
"Bow, bow wow!" and "Bow, wow, wow!" And drive the wolf a - way!

2. Ha, ha, what fun! one sheep has run,  
And there goes number two!  
Old thumbs now cry their "Bow, wow, wow!"  
And don't know what to do.  
Now there goes three, and there goes four,  
All in a frightened pack,  
And now old thumbs cry, "Bow, wow, wow!"  
And try to drive them back!

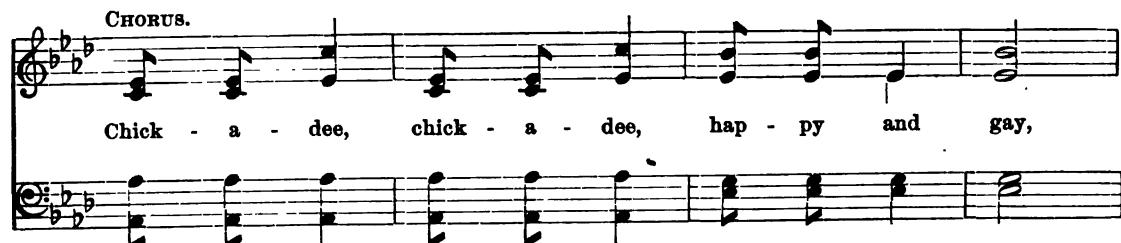
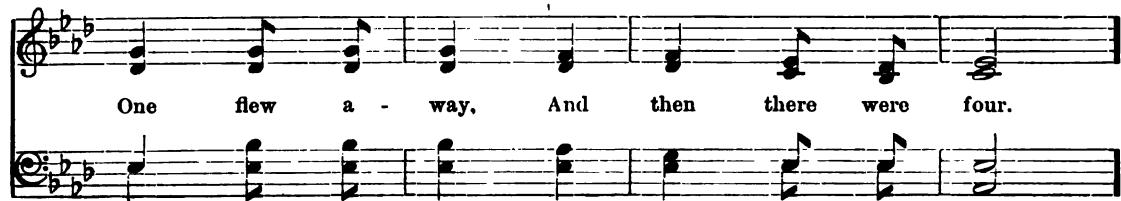
3. Now there goes five, and there goes six,  
Just see them jump the rails!  
So now old thumbs cry, "Bow, wow, wow!"  
And wag their bushy tails;  
And there goes seven, and there goes eight,  
Oh, look how fast they run!  
And now old thumbs cry, "Bow, wow, wow!"  
And think it is great fun.

## FIVE LITTLE CHICKADEES.

Harriet S. Jenks.



1. Five little chick - a - dees, Peep - ing at the door;  
One flew a - way, And then there were four.



CHORUS.  
Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, hap - py and gay,  
Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, fly a - way!



2. Four little chickadees,  
Sitting on a tree;  
One flew away,  
And then there were three.

CHORUS.

3. Three little chickadees,  
Looking at you;  
One flew away,  
And then there were two.

CHORUS.

4. Two little chickadees,  
Sitting in the sun;  
One flew away,  
And then there was one.

CHORUS.

5. One little chickadee,  
Left all alone;  
He flew away,  
And then there were none.

CHORUS.

## MY PIGEON-HOUSE.

German Air. Arranged by E. Parker.



My pig - eon - house I o - pen wide, And set the pig - eons free;



They fly o'er the fields on ev - ery side, And light on the tall - est tree;



But when they re-turn from their mer-ry flight, I'll shut the door and say, "Good-night!"



Coo - roo, coo - roo!



## IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

Words and Music from the German.

Music score for "In the Branches of a Tree" with three staves of music and lyrics. The first staff (G clef, 3/4 time, B-flat key signature) has lyrics: "In the branch-es of a tree Is a bird her nest pre - par - ing;". The second staff (C clef, 3/4 time, B-flat key signature) has lyrics: "Lay - ing in two lit - tle eggs, Com-ing out two lit - tle birds, Call-ing their mam - ma,". The third staff (G clef, 3/4 time, B-flat key signature) has lyrics: "'Peep,peep,peep! mam-ma dear,peep! mam-ma dear, peep! We love you dear - ly, peep,peep,peep!'".

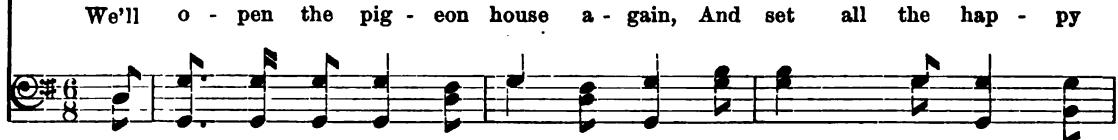
## THE LITTLE MICE ARE CREEPING.

Margaret Bradford Morton.

Music score for "The Little Mice Are Creeping" with lyrics and a list of activities. The first staff (G clef, common time, C major key signature) has lyrics: "1. The lit - tle mice are creep-ing, creep-ing, creep-ing, The lit - tle mice are creep-ing through the house." The second staff (C# clef, common time, C major key signature) has lyrics: "2. The little mice are nibbling through the house.  
3. The little mice are sleeping in the house.  
4. The old gray cat comes creeping through the house.  
5. The little mice all scamper through the house."

## THE PIGEON SONG.

From the German.



## FLY, LITTLE BIRDS.

Emilie Pousson.

Mrs. S. C. Cornwell.

1. Fly, lit - tle birds, fly east and west, Hunt - ing a place to build your nest.

Tall trees are stand - ing side by side; Will you a - mong their branch - es hide?

2. Fly, little birds, fly high and low,  
Fly to the pretty place we show,  
Here in the niche of the garden wall;  
Doesn't this suit you best of all?

3. Fly, little birds, fly 'round and 'round,  
Fly to the bushes and trees and ground,  
Gathering tiny bits and shreds,  
Grasses and lint and straws and thread.

4. Fly, little birds, fly through the air,  
Chirping and singing everywhere;  
Then, in the place that you like best,  
Busily weave your cosy nest.

## THE FAMILY.

From the German.

This is the grandpa - pa, This is the mother dear,

This is the fa-ther dear, This is the lit - tle child, See the whole fami-ly here!

## RAINBOW SONG.

Josephine Pollard.

Adapted.

Sev - en lit - tle fair - ies came, When the storm was end - ed,

Sev - en lit - tle fair - ies came, Dressed up ver - y splen - did. Hand in hand they

tripped a - long, Keep - ing time to - geth - er, Driv - ing gloom - y clouds a - way,

Bring - ing back clear weath - er. Sev - en lit - tle fair - ies came When the storm was

end - ed, Sev - en lit - tle fair - ies came, Dressed up ver - y splen - did.

## OUR BALLS ARE GOING TO BYE-LOW-LAND.

Emma C. Flint.

Musical score for 'OUR BALLS ARE GOING TO BYE-LOW-LAND.' The score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '6/8' in the first measure) and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign). The first staff has a treble clef, the second has a bass clef, and the third has an alto clef. The lyrics are: 'Our balls are going to Bye-low-land, Go-ing to sleep in each child's hand,' 'Rock them so gen-tly to and fro, Our lit-tle balls to sleep must go!,' and 'Swing, oh! bye-low! Our lit-tle balls to sleep must go.' The music features eighth-note patterns and quarter-note chords.

## UP, UP, IN THE SKY.

Musical score for 'UP, UP, IN THE SKY.' The score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '6/8' in the first measure) and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign). The first staff has a treble clef, the second has a bass clef, and the third has an alto clef. The lyrics are: 'Up, up in the sky the lit-tle birds fly, Down, down in the nest the lit-tle birds rest,' and 'With a wing on the left, and a wing on the right, We'll let the dear bird-ies sleep all thro' the night.' The music features eighth-note patterns and quarter-note chords.

## GO OVER, COME BACK HERE.

0#3  
G 4  
Go o - ver, come back here so mer - ry and free,  
C#3  
4  
My play - fel - low dear who shares in my glee.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major (0#3) and the bottom staff is in C major (C#3). The music is in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'Go o - ver, come back here so mer - ry and free,' and the second line is 'My play - fel - low dear who shares in my glee.'

## \* THE BALL COMES 'ROUND TO MEET US.

0#4  
G 8  
The ball comes 'round to meet us, And, could it speak, would greet us,  
C 4  
8  
And to each one would say "Good - day!" say "Good - day!" say "Good - day!"  
C# 4  
8  
While we sing the ball doth wan - der, Now 'tis here and now 'tis yon - der,  
C 4  
8  
But in one thing we a - gree, — I love ball, and ball loves me.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are in G major (0#4) and the last two are in C major (C#4). The music is in common time (indicated by '8'). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'The ball comes 'round to meet us, And, could it speak, would greet us,' followed by a repeat of 'And to each one would say "Good - day!" say "Good - day!" say "Good - day!"'. The third line is 'While we sing the ball doth wan - der, Now 'tis here and now 'tis yon - der,' and the final line is 'But in one thing we a - gree, — I love ball, and ball loves me.'

## MY BALL LIES IN ITS LITTLE BED.

My ball lies in its lit - tle bed, So qui - et - ly a -

sleep; And while I rock it to and fro, A lov - ing watch I keep.

*quicker.*  
Wake up! The ball is fond of rov - ing, It likes now to be

roll - ing! Roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing so!

## CLOSE HIDDEN IN MY HAND IT LIES.



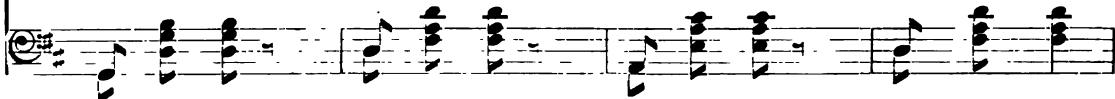
1. Close hid - den in my hand it lies, Then up in - to the air it flies,  
2. In its nest up - on the bough, The mam - ma - bird is with it now,



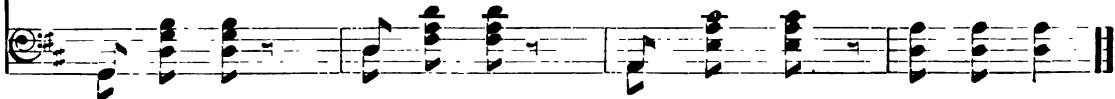
Nest - ling down up - on the ground, And now 'tis hop - ping 'round and 'round.  
Ev - ery - thing a bird can do My lit - tle ball can do it, too.



Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,  
Tra, la, la, la, etc.



Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!



## BELL HIGH IN THE STEEPLE.



Bell high in the stee - ple Calls to church the peo - ple, Ding,dong,Ding,dong,Ding,dong,bell!



## BUCKET SONG.

R. J. W.

Mabel Frost.

1. Up, up, my lit - tle buck - et comes From the deep, dark well;  
 2. It brings us spark - ling wa - ter, So pure and cool and sweet,  
 It's full and run - ning o - ver; Now, what it brings who'll tell?  
 To wash the chil - dren's fa - ces, And lit - tle danc - ing feet.

## CARTWHEEL SONG.

FINE.

Rolling and roll - ing, O - ver it goes, Car - ry - ing the cart where no - bod - y knows,

1. The cart it car - ries a load of hay To give my horse some din - ner to - day.  
 2. This cart has cans of milk so white, To give the chil - dren some sup - per to - night.  
 3. The gro - cer's cart brings sug - ar and tea, And flour to make nice cakes for me.

## A LITTLE WOODPECKER AM I.

A lit - tle wood - peck - er am I, And you may al - ways know

When from the tree I'm seek - ing food, For tap, tap, tap, I go.

## LITTLE BALL, PASS ALONG.

Emilie Pousson.

PLAYED LIKE "BUTTON BUTTON."

Harriet P. Sawyer.

## THE BAKER.

S. E. Bush.

Adapted.

2. And now he presses and cuts his cake,  
Getting it ready so soon to bake;  
He makes the cookies so smooth and round,  
And one is cut with each little sound.

3. Then into the oven with a push they go,  
And oft he turns them to and fro,  
Rolling and pressing he makes them round,  
When they are done, one for each will be found.

## FORMING THE RING.

M. M. M.

**Music adapted from Reinecke, by H. S. J.**

## A LITTLE GAME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Emilie Pousson.



1. Now, join hands and let us all play a lit - tle with the ball.



In the ring shall Char - lie stand, and toss the ball to some one's hand;



Ev - ery lit - tle child must watch it, and be read - y next to catch it,



*Slower.*



While the mus - ic grows more slow, Now then, Char - lie, you may throw.



## TOSSING GAME.



1. My ball, I want to catch you, Once, twice, three times, four times, five times, six times.



## LIKE THE BALL WE MOVE AROUND.

Words and Music by Grace Call

1. Like the ball we move a - round, Mak - ing but a lit - tle sound,

See, it turns the oth - er way, And helps to make our pleas - ant play.

2. Watch and see it go hop, hop!  
Watch again, and see it stop.  
If you watch a little more,  
Perhaps 'twill roll upon the floor.

## MY BALL COMES UP TO MEET ME.

1. My ball comes up to meet me, Then down it goes so fleet - ly,

In the air, oh, hur - rah! In the air, oh, hur - rah!

# IN MY HAND A BALL I HOLD.

Words and Music by Miss E. H. Macomber.

1. In my hand a ball I hold, Till up - on the floor 'tis rolled;

If it goes in the ring, We will clap, we will sing.

Now the ball's in the ring, We will clap, we will sing!

We will clap, we will sing, For the ball's in the ring.

2. In my hand the ball I hold,  
Till upon the floor 'tis rolled;  
If it goes in the ring,  
We will tramp, we will sing.  
Now the ball's in the ring,  
We will tramp, we will sing!  
We will tramp, we will sing,  
For the ball's in the ring.

3. In my hand the ball I hold,  
Till upon the floor 'tis rolled  
If it goes in the ring,  
We will dance, we will sing,  
Lightly step in the ring,  
We will dance, we will sing!  
We will dance, we will sing,  
For the ball's in the ring.

## ROBIN, ROBIN REDBREAST.

Words and Music by Anna S. Mather.

2  
4

1. Rob - in, Rob - in Red - breast, Sing - ing on the bough,  
C: 2  
4

Come and get your break - fast, We will feed you now.  
C: 2  
4

Rob - in likes the gold - en grain, Nods his head and sings a - gain,  
C: 2  
4

“Chirp-ing, chirp-ing cheer - i - ly, Here I come so mer - ri - ly! Thank you, chil-dren dear!”  
C: 2  
4

2. In the cage, canary,  
Dainty warbler sweet,  
Something in the basket  
We have for you to eat.  
Birdie likes the lettuce green,  
That is plainly to be seen,  
“Trilling, trilling cheerily,  
Here I come so merrily!  
Thank you, children dear!”

3. Bonny, bonny bluebird,  
Living in the wood,  
Come, we will not harm you,  
But give you something good.  
Let us see if he will come  
For this great ripe purple plum;  
“Singing, singing cheerily,  
Here I come so merrily!  
Thank you, children dear!”

## OVER AND BACK.

O - ver and back, o - ver and back, See lit - tle balls go o ver and back!

Yel - low, blue, green can plain - ly be seen, And pur - ple and or - ange and red.

## CHERRIES RIPE.

1. { Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! Who will buy my cher - ries ripe?  
Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! Who will buy your cher - ries ripe!

Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! I will buy my cher - ries ripe?  
Cher - ries ripe, cher - ries ripe! I will buy your cher - ries ripe!

2. Oranges ripe, etc.

3. Lemons ripe, etc.

6. Purple grapes, etc.

4. Apples green, etc.

5. Blueberries ripe, etc.

## FLYING BIRDS.

Arr. by H. S. J.

1. Fly, lit - tle birds, fly 'round the ring, Fly, lit - tle birds, while we all sing,

2. Then fly down at some one's feet, Who will sing you a song so soft and sweet.

2. "Stay, little bird, oh, stay with me,  
Stay and my little birdie be,  
If you do, I will treat you well,  
And give you a cage in which to dwell."

## LITTLE DOVE, YOU ARE WELCOME.

Adapted.

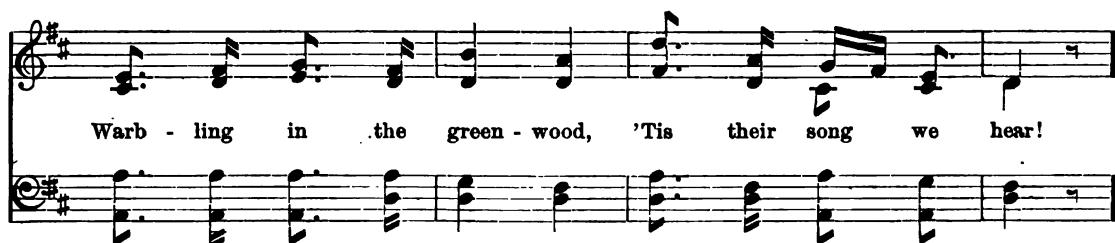
1. Lit - tle dove, you are wel - come! What news do you bring  
2. O - ver hill - top and val - ley, To you I have come,

From home and from a moth - er? Pray tell us and sing!  
A kiss and a let - ter? I bring you from home!

## BIRDIES IN THE GREENWOOD.

From the German.

1. Bird - ies in the green - wood Sing so sweet and clear,



Warb - ling in the green - wood, 'Tis their song we hear!



Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!



Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

2. Birdies in the greenwood  
Build their little nests,  
Leave them in the greenwood,  
Ready for their rest.  
Tra, la, la, etc.

3. Birdies in the greenwood  
Sing themselves to sleep;  
Slumber in the greenwood  
Must be sweet and deep!  
Tra, la, la, etc.

## HARE IN THE HOLLOW.

Words and Music from the German.

1. Hare in the hol - low, why so still? Poor hare, are you ill,  
2. That you can not jump and spring, Jump and spring, jump and spring?

2. Hare, now be careful, sit quite still,  
The hunter is near,  
Dogs are running down the hill,  
Sit quite still, sit quite still!

3. Hare, now be cheerful, jump and spring,  
All danger is past,  
You may jump and spring at last,  
Jump and spring, jump and spring!

## HOP, HOP, COME BIRDIES ALL.

N. C. Holdredge.

Arr. by G. W.

Hop, hop, hop, hop, come bir-dies all, O - ver the way to make us a call;

Hop, hop, hop, hop, back to your nests, Tuck your heads un - der your wings, and rest.

## HOPPING BIRDS.

German Air.

These lit - tle bir - dies in their nest Go hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!  
They try to do their ver - y best To hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!

## CHASING THE SQUIRREL.

The squirrel loves a pleasant place, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Now see our baby squirrels dear, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

To catch him you must run a race, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!  
 We will not keep them prisoners here, Tra, la, la, la, la, la!

Hold out your hands, and you will see Which of the two will  
 We'll give them each, a nut to crack, And then they'll gaily

quick - er be, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la!  
 scam - per back, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la!

## THE WINDMILL.

Words and Music from the German.

See the windmill how it goes, } Always turning'round and'round, Never i - dle is it found.  
 While the wind so free-ly blows, }

## THE PENDULUM.

Come and see, come and see, how mer - ri - ly the clock doth go. The  
pen - du - lum swings to and fro, and nev - er from its place doth go, Swings  
first to the left and then to the right, all the day and all the night.  
Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tick, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tick, tick!

## SAWING GAME.

From the German.

Let us now be - gin our saw - ing, For - ward, back - ward, push - ing, draw - ing, Saw - ing, saw - ing,  
wood in two; Lit - tle piec - es, big - ger piec - es, See saw, see saw, see saw, see!

# THE SNAIL.

From the German.



1. Hand in hand, you see us well, Creep like a snail in -



to his shell, Ev - er near - er, ev - er near - er, {



Ver - y snug in - deed you dwell, Snail, with - in your ti - ny shell.

2. Hand in hand, you see us well,  
Creep like a snail out of his shell,  
Ever farther, ever farther,  
Ever wider, ever wider,  
Who'd have thought this tiny shell  
Could have held us all so well ?

## SMELLING GAME.

Adapted.

German Air.

Oh, love - ly fra - grant flow - er, Pray come and join our game,  
 And to our lit - tle play - mate Tell soft - ly now your name!  
 Now take the lit - tle flow - er, You've guessed its name a - right,  
 But place it in cool wa - ter, To keep it fresh and bright.

## GUESSING GAME.

1. Let us pace a - round with sing - ing, Till our play-mate taps his stick,  
 2. Sing the song we now are sing - ing, Till we right - ly guess your name;  
 When you hear him, do not lin - ger; Sing your an - swer soft and quick.  
 If we fail, your mer - ry laugh - ter Will not harm or spoil the game.

# THE FARMER.

From the German.

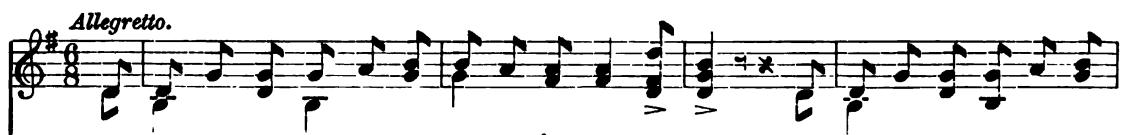
The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C'). The top staff is in G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign) and the bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a 'C' with a sharp sign). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

1. Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the farm - er,  
Would you know how does the farm - er Plough his field in the Spring?  
Look, 'tis so, so does the farm - er, Look, 'tis so, so does the farm - er,  
Look, 'tis so, so does the farm - er Plough his field in the Spring.

2. Would you know how does the farmer  
Sow his corn, oats and wheat?
3. Would you know how does the farmer  
Reap his corn, oats and wheat?
4. Would you know how does the farmer  
Thresh his corn, oats and wheat?
5. Would you know how does the farmer  
Sift his corn, oats and wheat?
6. Would you know how does the farmer  
Carry his corn, oats and wheat?
7. Would you know how does the farmer  
When his day's work is done?  
Look, 'tis so, so rests the farmer, etc.
8. Would you know how does the farmer  
When he's rested again?  
Look, 'tis so, so plays the farmer, etc.

# THE MILL.

Volkslied.



1. The mill by the riv - u - let ev - er-more sounds, Clip, clap! By day and by night goes the



mil - ler his rounds, Clip, clap! He grinds us the corn to make nour - ish - ing bread, And



when we have that we are dain - ti - ly fed, Clip, clap! clip, clap! clip, clap!



2. The wheel quickly turns, and then round goes the stone,  
Clip, clap!

And grinds up the wheat which the farmer has sown,  
Clip, clap!

The baker then bakes for us biscuit and cake,—  
Oh, what a good baker such nice things to make!  
Clip, clap! clip, clap! clip, clap!

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# THE BLACKSMITH.

Old Song.

1. The black - smith hammers the whole day long, His  
hammer is heav - y but his arm is strong.

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody line with quarter and eighth notes, and a bass line below it. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody line with quarter and eighth notes, and a bass line below it. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

CHORUS.  
Strike, boys! strike, . . . boys! . . . While the iron is

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody line with quarter and eighth notes, and a bass line below it. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody line with quarter and eighth notes, and a bass line below it. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

red hot! Strike, boys! strike, boys! While the iron is hot!

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody line with quarter and eighth notes, and a bass line below it. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody line with quarter and eighth notes, and a bass line below it. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

2. He heats the iron in the fire,  
Then hammers out a large, round tire.

CHORUS.

3. Here comes a horse,— what will he do?  
He'll hammer out a nice new shoe.

CHORUS.

4. Here comes a man with a broken chain;  
He'll hammer the links together again.

CHORUS.

## WHEN WE'RE PLAYING TOGETHER.



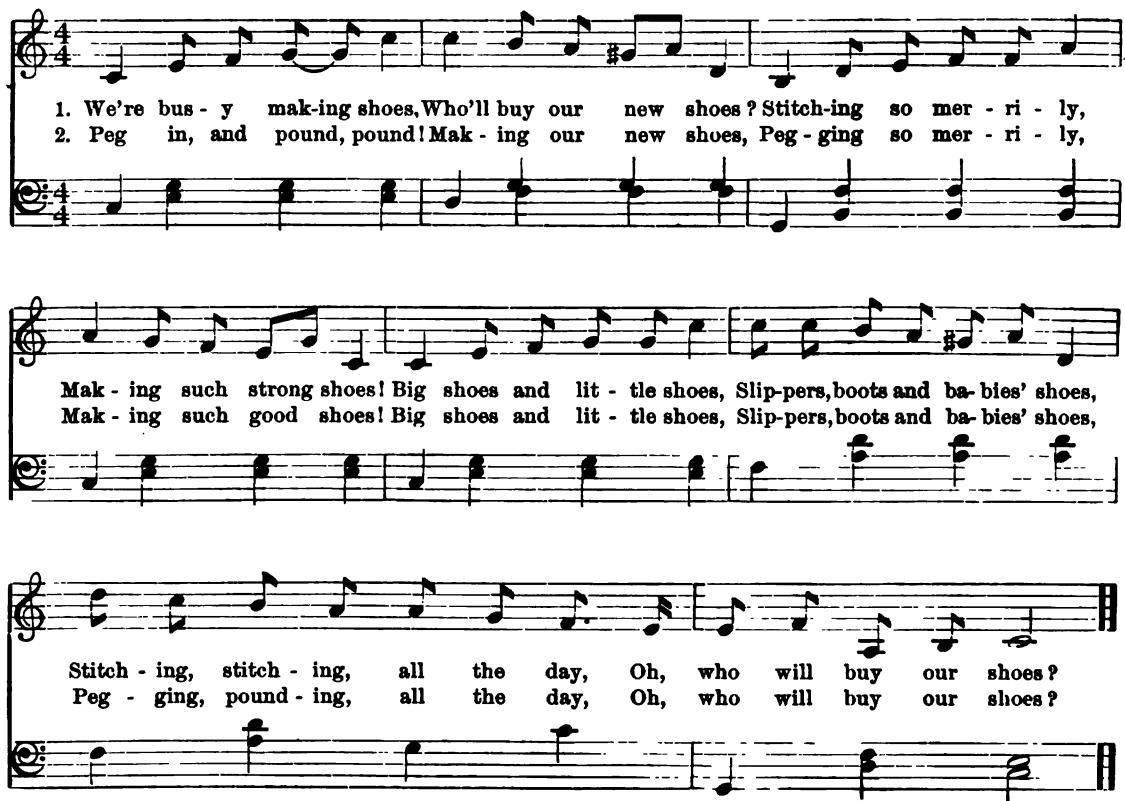
1. When we're play - ing to - geth - er, We are hap - py and glad;  
In bright or dull weath - er We nev - er are sad.

2. Now tell, little playmate,  
Who has gone from our ring;  
And if you guess rightly,  
We will clap as we sing.

## THE SHOEMAKER.

Adapted.

Arranged by L. M. Libby.



1. We're bus - y mak-ing shoes, Who'll buy our new shoes? Stitch-ing so mer - ri - ly,  
Peg in, and pound, pound! Mak - ing our new shoes, Peg - ging so mer - ri - ly,  
Mak - ing such strong shoes! Big shoes and lit - tle shoes, Slip-pers, boots and ba - bies' shoes,  
Mak - ing such good shoes! Big shoes and lit - tle shoes, Slip-pers, boots and ba - bies' shoes,  
Stitch - ing, stitch - ing, all the day, Oh, who will buy our shoes?  
Peg - ging, pound - ing, all the day, Oh, who will buy our shoes?

## THE COOPER.

Arranged by G. W.

Oh, I am a coop - er, what care do I know, As at work on my

bar - rels I mer - ri - ly go? Rap a tap! Rap a tap!

Rap a tap I go! Rap a tap! Rap a tap! Rap a tap I go!

## KITTY WHITE.

Kit - ty white so sly - ly comes, To catch the mous - ie gray,

But mous - ie hears her soft - ly creep, And quick - ly runs a - way!

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## KITTY CAT AND THE MOUSE.

Arranged by G. W.

Sheet music for 'Kitty Cat and the Mouse' arranged by G. W. The music is in common time and G major. The lyrics are as follows:

Kit - ty cat, I hear a mouse! Pit - ty, pat, run through the house!  
Kit - ty, hur - ry, kit - ty run, Quick, or you will lose the fun!  
Kit - ty hears, and sly - ly creeps, Now she list - ens, now she leaps!  
Ah, too late,—you can not win it, There's the hole, the mouse is in it!  
Eep! . . . Eep! . . . Eep! . . . The ba - by mice their moth - er greet.  
Well for them, my kit - ty cat, That she heard your pit - ty pat!

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## PARTING SONG.

Words and Music by Caro A. Dugan.

*Briskly.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the vocal part, the middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is for the bass or harmonic piano part. The vocal part is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the piano parts are in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal part begins with a melodic line and lyrics: 'Now the bus - y morn is o - ver, We have'. The piano parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal part continues with 'tried to do our best; Let us sing with one an -', followed by 'oth - er, In this pleas - ant time of rest.' The piano parts continue to provide harmonic support. The vocal part concludes with 'Good - bye, hap - py work, Good - bye, hap - py play,'. The piano parts provide harmonic support throughout the piece.

PARTING SONG.

Good - bye till an - oth - er day; Good - bye, play - mates dear, This

song of good cheer Will speed us a - long our way!

OUR PLAY IS O'ER.

Old Song.

1. Our play is o'er, our work is done, Our things are in their plac - es;  
 2. So now we part, in right good cheer, With - out a thought of sor - row;

Now to our homes we'll quick - ly run, With cheer - ful hearts and fac - es.  
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